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Perkinpine & Higgins,
PHILADELPHIA.

KEEPER'S TRAVELS

IN SEARCH OF

HIS MASTER.

Wendall, Edward Augustus

Ah, me! one moment from thy sight
That thus my truant eye should stray!

LANGHORNE.



PHILADELPHIA:
PERKINPINE & HIGGINS,

No. 56 NORTH FOURTH STREET.

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PREFACE.

Among the numerous productions which in this age of improvement issue from the press, for the amusement and instruction of youth, this little volume again presents itself, for a share of public patronage.

It was first published in London, in 1798; since then, an octavo edition has there appeared, entirely deficient in those points which give to this, its most attractive character; the volume is swelled by dialogues on desultory subjects, generally in a prosing or turgid style, which, however instructive in themselves, seem to us to have no connexion with Keeper's adventures, and occasion the touching moral of his story to be completely lost sight of. It was at an early period in the excellence of juvenile literature, that this little book, together with Sandford and Merton, and a few others, obtained their celebrity; for it was generally to mediocre talents that children's books were intrusted, under the impression that any one could write *them*

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Fortunately so mistaken an idea has been corrected, and the best talents are now exerted for the young ; but we feel anxious that our early favorites should be preserved, even among the many of the present day.

The author of Keeper's travels is unknown, he must however have been gifted with a feeling heart and good understanding, if we may judge him by the pathos and instruction of this story. It is intended to show the results of a single error ; and we think that Keeper's indefatigable search for his master, should impress on our little readers the affection and fidelity, so remarkable in the dog, and induce them always to treat so deserving an animal with kindness.

The interesting subject, simplicity of language, and plain moral of this book, must render it valuable to the child and parent, and the editor offers it for the perusal of both, with a certainty that it will excite pleasure and approbation.

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KEEPER'S TRAVELS,

IN SEARCH

OF HIS MASTER.

CHAP. I.

THE DILEMMA.

KEEPER followed his master not only faithfully but with care: yet it happened that being at a town in Gloucestershire, on the market-day, he was so attentive to half-a-dozen fowls that were in a basket, standing for sale, that his master was out of sight before our dog could persuade himself to leave the favorite objects of allurements.

Recovering himself, at length, he ran with haste and anxiety; but unable to discover the way his master had gone, and prevented by the multitude of people from seeing any person at a distance, the poor thing stood despairingly looking round to

no purpose, and sometimes running every way, in vain. He went back to the fowls where he had first forgotten his duty; he hastened from shamble to shamble, whither he had been with his master, in the course of the day, hoping to find him there again. His misery increased every moment. Accustomed to regard his master as the only source of his happiness; to receive from him his food, and his comforts to know no pleasure but his smiles; nor any evil but his anger: he stood, now, forlorn, stripped, helpless, and unprotected. The market-people at length dispersed; and, as the street became more open, he frequently fancied that he saw the object of his search among the distant passengers; and he spent the greater part of the day in fruitless sallies, to overtake the different persons who bore any resemblance to him, with whom were all his hopes.

It was twilight, when, weary and oppressed, both with anxiety and with hunger

he visited, for the sixth time, the inn at which they had put up on their entrance of the town. Had they been used to frequent this place, or its neighborhood, not only our wanderer would have readily found his way to the home stead ; but the hostler would, in all probability, recognising the attendant of a customer, have provided for his wants, and restored him to his owner : but the travellers had never visited the place before. They had journeyed this road for the first time, and their home was in Cambridgeshire ; whither the master, after a search as anxious, made with an affection as sincere, and of which, it need not be said, that it was equally unsuccessful with that we have described, had now directed his course, frequently looking back for his companion, and pleasing himself with the hope that he should soon be overtaken by him.

Keeper entered the inn with the most disconsolate deportment. He hastened to

the apartment in which his master had been accommodated. Disappointed still, he visited the stable where the horses had been lodged : and the kitchen where the servant had refreshed. Here still unable to discover his master, yet surrounded by towns men and laborers who were regaling themselves before a large fire, he gave way to little expressions of his sorrow. He uttered those mournful plainings that want no words to render them intelligible : that universal language which is every where understood, by the inhabitant of every region, and by all orders of beings. For nature has so finely attuned the ears of all her creatures, that the sounds of misfortune, and of sorrow, never fail to win attention ; and with such skill has she set the notes, that they cannot be misconceived.

This unquietness and solicitude naturally drew the eyes of the company upon him ; and every one inquired whose dog it might be ? One thought he had seen him

in the market-place ; and was certain he did not belong to any of the towns-people. A second *did* think him very like a dog that belonged to a neighbor of his ; and really he should have thought it the same, only that the animal he spoke of died three years before of old age. Another was almost positive that it belonged to the 'squire : but the hostler contradicted this vehemently. It was no more like any dog of the 'squire's, he said, than it was like his grandmother. The other grew more certain from this contradiction. He particularized the dog he alluded to ; and now the whole party joined against him—declaring that he could know nothing of dogs, or he would never have said any such thing. They were all agreed that the breed was quite different. Irritated by this reflection on his knowledge, the disputant thought it impossible to recede from his error. Would his opponents have acknowledged that his opinion was not wrong, as a sportsman, or

that the breed was the same in the two dogs, he would willingly have given up the contest : but, as this was not to be granted him he grew more obstinate than ever, and offered a wager—which has been called *a fool's argument*—on the question ; this was readily accepted, and stakes settled. During this debate each had by turns made Keeper welcome to their hearth, and a partaker of their meal. Relieved from the faintness of hunger, and cheered by the warmth of the fire, Keeper fell asleep, expecting the return of his master. The evening thus passed away as comfortably as his anxiety would permit ; and during the night he was sheltered in a warm stable, where the hostler secured him, in order that he might be ready in the morning to determine the wager.





CHAP. II.

THE ESCAPE.

Keeper slept, and recovered himself from the fatigues of the day : but when light began to peep through the crevices of the stable, he rose to seek again the master he had lost. Unable, however, to leave what was now his prison, he whined a considerable time ; 'till he became sleepy again, and, for a short period, forgot his troubles. He would not have been so well satisfied with his lodgement, had it not happened to be the same in which his master's horses had been baited ; and on this account he considered himself as in some degree at home.

He had not lain many minutes before he was awakened by the opening of the door. He immediately rushed, barking furiously, to repel the intrusion ; and the boy, who had attempted to enter, and whe

was unacquainted with the reasons for the detention of his foe, immediately fled.

Keeper was now at liberty, and he instantly ran into the house, visiting every chamber-door. This search was like his former, unsuccessful; he quitted the inn, unobserved by the hostler; and took the road by which he had, the day before, entered the town with his master. He ran hastily along, without stopping to notice any thing, resolved to seek the house of a friend of his master, on whom they had called during their journey. This was considerably out of the direct homeward way, but here he hoped to find his master; and if he should not, still it was to him the *only* road: because the utmost of his knowledge, correct, and surprising as it was, could only help to trace back the very steps he had trodden before. He had travelled two hours without experiencing any thing that deserves to be recorded, when he entered a large town. He had indeed re

ceived two or three lashes from wagoners and coachmen, unprovoked, and without other motives than that the men had whips in their hands, and the dog was unable to avoid or resist their cruelty. Such temptations to the exercise of power are seldom neglected by the low and the ignorant; and there are these in every rank of life. Those who have neither wit nor knowledge, do *mischief* that they may be thought capable of doing *something*; and those to whom no respect is paid, because none is due, love to *insult*, that they may fancy themselves mighty. He had scarcely gone twenty feet into *Tetbury*, when a rabble of idle children began to hoot the forlorn stranger. Dismayed by their noise, he ran forward and might have escaped their persecution, had not the common inclination to trouble the troubled, induced a band of butchers, and other tradesmen, to join in the hunt. These, with a refinement peculiar to reasoning animals, knew how to render

even *virtue* subservient to *evil*; making use therefore of the *obedience* of their dogs, they urged them, also, to unite in the horrors of the scene. Keeper found his pursuers gaining upon him, when, seeing a door open, he fled into the house, and tacitly claimed the protection of the place. It may be observed of dogs, that they always regard houses as their sanctuaries; that, when fatigued, lost, or in danger, they constantly seek in these for rest and consolation; and that, while other animals shun man and his abodes, dogs seem to place their hopes and their confidence in both.

CHAP. III.

THE REFUGE.

Keeper had now escaped the malice of his tormentors, and lay trembling in the passage of the house: there they might

not follow him ; for it was occupied by an opulent inhabitant, who would of course resent their intrusion, and whom they dared not offend. Thus the power of the rich acting on the *interests* of the poor, it restrains their vices with an energy, and persistency, that no police nor statutes can maintain.

Alarmed by the noise in the streets, the old lady of the house came to inquire the cause. The troop of vagabonds had dispersed ; but she found Keeper, covered with dirt, and terrified by his danger ; and she learned from the servants the causes of his condition. She encouraged the fugitive, and she offered him food. The first he received with gratitude ; but the second, his fright, and his weariness, prevented him from accepting. He was washed from the filth that had been thrown upon him. The lady led him to her own fire, and in an hour he recovered his spirits, his strength and his beauty. He was invigorated with food, and with caresses ; and he acknow

ledged the blessing by the language of his eyes, and the cheerfulness of his demeanor. Yet, well as he was treated, he did not forget the journey he was about, nor the object of his toil : but he dreaded to leave the house ; he heard his pursuers in his fancy : and he started from his dreams to escape them.

It was near dinner time, when his protector's daughter, with her children, came to visit her ; and Keeper was naturally introduced as a subject of novelty and commiseration. The children soon became familiar with him. They gave him pieces of cake to secure his friendship ; and there was, beside, something in his nature that made him particularly tender to children : with them he assumed a gentleness that did not always belong to his character. For though never intentionally violent, and constantly good-natured, his play was, sometimes, boisterous and rude. This, on such occasions, he laid entirely aside ; so that if he had before won protection and succor

by his misfortunes, he might now have secured them by his disposition and his beauty.

Dinner being ended, Keeper followed the children into the garden, where there was a small piece of water, then frozen over, on which his little company were very desirous he should walk, that they might see if he understood skating.

CHAP. IV.

THE ACCIDENT.

Keeper was presently heard scratching at the parlor door : but his importunities were for some moments neglected. He then whined and barked with violence, and with an expression of agony that roused the attention of the company, who opened the door to be released from the noise of his entreaties. This was no sooner done than he rushed from it, panting for breath,

and barking earnestly. Finding that he was not followed, he returned again still restless and almost frantic. It was some moments before it was recollected, that dogs never behave in that manner without *some* cause: that, though they are not always competent to judge of the extent of the danger they apprehend, their vigilance may be relied on as unremitting, and their warnings regarded as useful; and that the sympathetic sensibility of their nature enables them to distinguish, owing to their intimacy with man, between his welfare and his disasters. Calling therefore to mind that the children were in the garden, the whole company now followed Keeper, who ran and returned several times, before they could reach the spot, where, to their horror, they beheld only one of the three children, and this stood crying. The dog ran upon the ice the middle of which was broken. The poor distressed creature scratched the margin of the crack, and whined in violent

agitation. The only gentleman of the party leaped into the water. The mother of the children fainted. The servants being alarmed, assisted in the search, which was long, and could not be prosecuted without breaking the remaining ice. The *apparatus* of the HUMANE SOCIETY was not to be had; but a surgeon in the town understood the means of recovery recommended by that institution—An institution that will give, to the memory of HAWKES, a monument which *time* shall enlarge and adorn, while he corrodes the statue of brass and moulders away the pillars of marble.—Fortunately, the surgeon arrived at the moment when one of the bodies was found. The other, also, was soon after discovered. The delay which had attended the search rendered the restoration of life difficult. It was, however, accomplished. Keeper lay by the side of the bed, during the process; and the children being left warmly covered, he returned with the rest of the company,

in an agony of joy, to the parlor. Joy was, indeed, in every countenance ; and it was an affecting situation, could Keeper have felt it, to be at least the second cause, and means made use of, to give pleasure so excessive to a circle thus numerous. The mother shed tears while she caressed the preserver of her children ; and all were desirous to show their affection for a creature that had done so much service. The old lady imputed the circumstance of Keeper's visit to a special Providence for the protection of her grandchildren ; and the pastor, who had benevolently assisted, said he thought it could not be deemed an improper or low application of the text, if he applied to this event the promise that has been made, *that the gift of EVEN A CUP OF COLD WATER, bestowed for kindness' sake, and charity's, shall not lose its reward !* 'We see,' added he, 'we see that no creature is so low, nor so weak, but it may do us infinite service — the mouse

released a *lion* from confinement, as our friend *Æsop* has recorded. And if, therefore, this were the only motive, we should *for our own sakes*, behave well to every thing—I say, *this* consideration ought to influence us, *even* if we forget that none but *fools* and cowards can find any gratification in hurting what is *weaker than themselves*; if we forget that none but the *cruel* would unnecessarily injure *any thing*; if we forget that none but the *wicked* would dare to insult any of the creatures of God,'

'Who in *his* sovereign *wisdom* made them *all*!

COWPER.

'And be sure,' continued he, addressing himself to the child who had not fallen into the water, 'be sure, my dear, you never pretend to think the smallness or triflingness of the creature, beast, bird, fish, insect, or reptile, any excuse of your crime: for, remember,

'—————the *meanest* things that are

Are free to live, and to enjoy that life,

As God was free to form them at the first!'

COWPER.

Every indulgence was heaped upon Keeper; and many plans were laid down for his future happiness: but Keeper left them only the merit of intention: for late at night, perceiving the street quiet, and summoning courage to depart, he left the house unobserved, and continued his journey.

CHAP. V.

THE BLUNDERBUSS.

The night was dark, yet he pursued the track, which, by the wonderful sagacity common to his species, he was enabled to recognise. He went as fast as his strength would permit; but this was much exceeded by his impatience. He passed alone and unmolested the greater part of the night. He was sometimes overtaken and met by mail coaches; and terrified by their lamps. He passed inns where the sleepy helpers brought out harnessed horses to be chang-

ed, and in these inns he would gladly have sought a place of rest and shelter from the coldness of the air : but the ardor with which he sought his master would not suffer delay ; and at daybreak discovered him to the early laborer, still pressing onward with swift and even pace.

He was interrupted during a few minutes by a hare, that crossed his path ; in pursuit of whom he traversed several acres of crisp and frost-whitened wheat. Having driven puss into a thorny thicket, whither he found it difficult to follow her, he gave up the chase, and returned with the haste of a truant to the road of his journey.

Though this frolic had wasted a small portion of his time, and contributed to weary his feet, yet was it, on the whole, very beneficial to him. The violence of the exertion had warmed his frozen limbs, and he returned with renewed vigor to his path.

He was now descending a hill, and he

ran down with all the speed he could, for he recollected that in the bottom was a small inn, where his master had stopped and he would fain persuade himself that there he should find him again. This hope cheered his bosom ; and he felt a glow of pleasure to which he had long been a stranger. He delighted himself ; and it would have been an unthankful office to have destroyed his expectations.

‘Pursue, poor imp, the imaginary charm,
Indulge gay hope, and fancy’s pleasing fire :
Fancy and hope, too soon, shall of themselves
expire.’

BEATTIE

The sign-post appeared in view, and every nerve was strained to reach the goal of his hopes. A traveller on horseback was at the door ; and he thought that he resembled his master. The traveller looked towards him ; and he wondered that he was not greeted, returning, wanderer as he was, with some token of affection and of joy. He feared that his master took no



notice of him because he was angry ; and he prepared to prostrate himself at his feet, and implore his forgiveness. He reached the house, and he approached the horseman, only to discover his mistake, and to destroy his hopes ; and in the moment of his disappointment, the man who was watering the horse threw what remained in the pail upon him. This was a trifling misfortune ; but, in his present distress, it affected him ; and he thought himself the object of general persecution. He went on, while the man laughed to see him wet and shivering. The water presently froze in his hair ; and increased his coldness and his misery. He travelled four miles farther, and entered a town wherein the mail stopped. The dangers of the night being at an end, the guard, as usual, discharged the contents of his piece. In performing this mighty feat, it is usual also to do some mischief, *if possible*. Keeper's sorrowful appearance attracted the eyes of the hero,

at this unfortunate moment : he levelled a blunderbuss at our unsuspecting and plodding traveller, and, in an instant some small-shot were lodged near his shoulder, while a ball grazed his back, but happily passed over without inflicting a severer wound. Keeper did not immediately feel the shot. He winced from the smart which the ball presently occasioned. He was scared, too, by the report of the gun, and the shouts of his enemies : and he fled precipitately from the inhospitable place.

CHAP. VI.

Where shall he rest secure from harms ?—BEATTIE.

The extreme terror with which Keeper hurried through the town, prevented him from feeling the extent of the injury he had received. Gaining, at last, the open and unfrequented road, his fears began to

abate, and with them the rapidity of his steps. The blood, which had hitherto flowed unperceived, now began to mat his hair in congealed and frozen clots; and his stiffening joints soon rendered motion difficult and painful. His wounds were pierced by the keen air; and he limped along, slowly, and in torture.

His sufferings increased his weariness, and overcome by their acuteness, he lay down under a hayrick, and folded up his legs, curling his body round to protect himself from the blast. He would have slept, but the anguish he endured denied him even a short respite from his sorrows. He lay pondering his condition: and if he *anticipated* no evils *to come*, the same ignorance of future events, which men sometimes inconsiderately envy, shut from him the *hope of deliverance* from those he already experienced. He did not espy *death*, in the gloomy rear of his disasters, ‘making night hideous.’ but he thought himself

confined *forever* to his *present* bleak and unsheltered abode. He dreaded no *mortification* in his wounds, nor no *fever* in his pulse; but neither had he any prospect of *relief* from the excruciating pang that *now* oppressed him. He despaired of seeing again the master of his heart. He believed that *his* presence would remove *all* evils: for he remembered his *kindness* with enthusiasm, and his *capacities* with admiration: and when you have blended *benevolence* with *power*. you have made a *divinity*.

These ruminations were disturbed by the noise of men and terriers, who were in pursuit of rats across the farm yard; and who, discovering Keeper, immediately turned a portion of their fury against *him*. Keeper was roused by their approach, and hastily gained the road, where he limped along, with all the expedition he could use, until he found himself delivered from his new danger. Hard and calamitous as this

intrusion on the repose of the weary, and the couch of the wounded, may appear. it was, in truth, a fortunate circumstance. For, had he lain any time exposed to the intenseness of the frost, his limbs would, in all probability, have become so completely numbed, that he could not have risen again ; and being besides deprived of his usual quantum of internal heat, by fatigue and hunger, the severity of the approaching night must have put an end to his existence.

But ‘forced into *action* thus, in self-defence,’ he preserved for the present the use of his muscles ; and proceeded, with infinite labor, on his way. The tardiness of his pace nevertheless, suffered his powers of motion to diminish every moment ; and his condition conspired with the frigid atmosphere to bring on a drowsiness, to which he was repeatedly inclined to give way, and which must, inevitably, have been a fatal one.

While thus dragging his miserable body, he could not help regarding *men* (the beings from whom he had received so many injuries) as monsters, whose whole occupation was to render every thing around them miserable. He was ready to ask,

‘Then what is man? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to own himself a man?’

COWPER.

He knew some exceptions. Had he not been well treated by some, even in his present pilgrimage, he had been led to suppose that all the kindness he had ever received from strangers, had been bestowed upon him because, in his *master's* presence, they *dared not* use him ill: for of the goodness, skill, and strength, which he attributed to his master, he was inclined to believe that the generality of the race possessed only the two latter, and that they used these for no other purpose than to destroy.

Fortunately, however, for the human

character, an individual was at hand to rescue it from this universal stigma.

The apothecary of the next village was trotting homeward, and the hoofs of his horse rung upon the frozen ground. Keeper looked back and dreaded a new tormentor. The apothecary in the meantime, had watched the slow pace of the maimed and solitary traveller. On near approach he was so moved at the appearance of the poor disconsolate beast, that after walking by his side a few paces, and perceiving that he was lame, owing to a recent wound, he alighted in order to administer whatever comfort his benevolence and knowledge could afford. Keeper at first retreated; for *a man*, and that a *stranger*, seemed to him at this juncture, sufficient cause of alarm. The soothing voice with which he was invited soon overcame, notwithstanding, the fears he had entertained; and led by the credulousness of sincerity, he advanced towards the hand that offered to

cherish him. On coming close, he was farther encouraged by the countenance of the compassionate wayfarer. For nature has kindly provided all animals with instant perceptions of good and evil : and these perceptions are, perhaps, most strong and certain in infants and animals, because they are unprejudiced : while those of men are confused by accidental circumstances ; dress, general reputation, and a thousand others.

The good man found that nothing could be done for Keeper's relief in their present situation. It was useless to apply any balsam or ointment, while the wounds were covered with coagulated blood, mingled with hair. He was much at a loss how to get the dog to his own home ; both because he doubted if he would follow him, and because he could not bear to see him walk in so much pain, with his hurts open to the evening frost. He tied his handkerchief over the part that was injured ; at

which operation Keeper complained loudly: because like some wiser creatures, he did not comprehend the utility of the temporary and seeming evil. He was soon, however, reconciled to the bandage, and felt its benefits.

While the young surgeon was considering whether he should try to carry Keeper on his horse, the errand cart overtook him. To the driver he committed the care of his *protégé*, who placed him in a basket of straw. In this comfortable nest he indulged his propensity to sleep with safety; and was thus carried to the house of his benefactor.

CHAP. VII.

CAROLINE.

Keeper did not like to be disturbed in his slumbers, and forced from the warm bed in which he had ridden. Much less

was he pleased with the useful operations which succeeded this hardship. His shoulder was bathed with warm milk and water; and the hair cut away from the *cicatrices*, which began to bleed afresh. In performing this essential and charitable office, the apothecary, who, till then, could not conjecture how the wounds had been occasioned, discovered that several shot were lodged in a manner that endangered the future use of the limb. A task more important therefore remained; that of extracting these shot; and it was, unfortunately, of a nature that would render resistance on Keeper's part, as certain, as troublesome.

Keeper repented that he had surrendered himself into the hands of one, who, as he thought, was like the rest of mankind, devising every method of torturing him. He knew not that the pain he was made to suffer, was the means of his future preservation and comfort

During the time in which the apothecary was thus employed, a neighbor came in to pass an hour in conversation, it being then dark evening, and he assisted the painful kindness of the operation. They bound Keeper, and secured his mouth so that he could neither resist nor resent the excruciating torture which they were obliged to inflict. Keeper suffered considerable agony, and by turns meditated vengeance on his tormentors, or submitted with patience to what he thought their *cruel* purpose.

Released, at length, he no longer remembered his resentments; but received their caresses with joy and gratitude. Ointments were now applied that cooled the throbbing sores. Bandages secured rest to the too much irritated parts; and he was laid near the fire to enjoy again his slumbers and his repose.

It was not, it should be told, wholly to the surgeon and his friend that Keeper

owed all these attentions, nor was it these alone who witnessed and pitied his sufferings. It was Caroline who spread the lint with salve. It was Caroline who sewed the bandage; and who folded it again and again to insure his comfort. It was Caroline who laid flannel or a mattrass; and who gave him the little milk, and bread and butter, which he could find appetite to take. These *traits* of loveliness did not pass unnoticed or unrewarded by a gentleman who had entered the room during her exertions.

This gentleman happened to have passed through the town in which the disaster happened, at the moment in which the blunderbuss was fired. He saw Keeper run away, but he did not then certainly know that he was wounded, his attention having been engrossed by an accident which the same act of wantonness had caused; and which had occasioned his present visit to the benevolent apothecary.

CHAP. VIII.

THE POST-CHAISE.

The guard had fired his blunderbuss at Keeper, at the instant when a chaise and four was passing rapidly through the high street. The horses took fright, and dashed the carriage against the cross in the middle of the town. The violence of the concussion overturned it; and it was dragged by the horses, whose fright had increased, while the postilions were thrown, and great part of the harness and wheels broken. The gentleman who now called on our apothecary, being a magistrate, instantly ordered the guard into custody; and, the horses being stopped, hastened to inquire if any injury was sustained by the travellers. On coming near he discovered that it was the carriage of an old and intimate friend. He found that this gentleman was only slightly bruised; but that

his son, who was with him, had received several cuts and contusions, and was taken almost senseless to a surgeon in the town; whence, his wounds having been dressed, he was removed to the house of the magistrate, their original destination. He now requested his medical friend to accompany him on a visit to the unfortunate young gentleman. They left Caroline, and their neighbor attending Keeper. They found a strong inclination to fever in the patient, whom the apothecary left, after a long visit, promising to call in the morning.

Keeper's illness was increased by his anxiety for his master. His spirits were always dejected: and even the kindness, and the kisses of the fair Caroline, failed to infuse his heart with permanent pleasure. His fellow-sufferer, Henry Walwyn, lay for a considerable time in very imminent danger. It was three weeks before he was able to walk in the air. When he did, his friend introduced him to the house of

the apothecary. He was desirous to see Keeper, who had shared the misfortunes of the day with him, and the benefactors also, who had now almost recovered him from the baleful effects of them.

It will be supposed that great part of the conversation turned upon the accident they had encountered; upon the misfortunes of Keeper, and the relief which had been administered to him. 'I am acquainted with a gentleman,' said the magistrate, 'who says he would always form his opinion of a man's character by his behavior to dogs; and though the rule might sometimes misguide him, especially if too hastily applied, I am of opinion that it would, in general, be a very just criterion.'

'People sometimes behave ill to dogs,' rejoined the apothecary, 'not through settled dislike, or uniform ill-nature, but merely in the moments of petulance and impatience.'

'Your discrimination,' answered the

magistrate, ‘fully directs your decision : for the man you describe is, more or less, a *petulant* man, though not of a settled bad disposition—I say *bad disposition*, because, adopting my friend’s maxim, I cannot think that there can be much that is worthy esteem in the character of a man who can ill use a creature so affectionate, and so faithful. I would risk no hopes of happiness with him : I should expect nothing from his feeling, his generosity, nor his gratitude. He must be “dead to nature and her charities.”’

‘I agree with you, entirely ;’ said the elder Mr. Walwyn, ‘and if their assiduities are sometimes awkward, and their caresses troublesome, yet, surely,

—————‘nothing can come amiss
That simpleness and duty tender.’

SHAKESPEARE.

CHAP. IX.

D O G S.

Keeper was now so far recovered, that his life was no longer in danger; nor was there any reason to doubt his soon having the full use of his leg that had been injured: but he had not yet obtained strength sufficient to attempt the escape from his present abode, which he certainly meditated. Kindly as he was used, and it was impossible he could receive more kindness any where, he had not forgot the master who had formerly cherished him, and whom he had lost through his own negligence and inattention. He began to entertain a better opinion of mankind than he had lately been induced to form: but still, of all the race, he loved none so dearly as his master; and next to him, his family.

The conversation happened, one day, to bring on this subject. Caroline was much

grieved to hear it the general opinion that Keeper would leave her as soon as he was well. She urged the well known gratitude of the species, in contradiction of an idea which she thought at once disgraceful to Keeper's character, and her attention.

The magistrate said, he hoped the lady would forgive him, if he differed as to the inference to be drawn from the prevailing sentiment of gratitude : for, to him it seemed, that this very feeling would lead the dog to seek again his original owner.—The magistrate here enlarged on the virtues of dogs in general, and their characteristics.

‘The understanding of dogs,’ he said, ‘surpasses that of all other animals, except man and the elephant.’

‘Are not apes and monkeys very sensible?’

‘They are reckoned among the most stupid of quadrupeds;’ answered the magistrate : ‘the appearance of understanding in them is entirely in consequence of the

resemblance which their form bears to that of man : but this similarity is, in fact, a convincing proof of their total want of capacity. Because, if they possessed this, in addition to the advantages of exterior conformation, they would never be surpassed by the dog, and the elephant, and even the horse ; whose shape and organization differs so widely from ours.'

'To what then is the superiority of dogs to be attributed ?'

'To their sensibility. This makes them susceptible of affection, and capable of attachment. Nature has given them this disposition, which is improved by a constant society with man.'

'That the qualifications of dogs,' said the apothecary, 'depend materially on their education, is evident from the extreme dissimilarity of the habits and manners of different individuals. They are even silent or noisy according to the company they are used to keep.'

‘Very true,’ said Walwyn, ‘the shepherd’s dog, who is all day long upon silent and solitary downs, scarcely ever barks; while ladies’ lap-dogs—I beg Caroline’s pardon—but, as she has no lap-dog, she will, perhaps, excuse my saying that, from some cause or other, lap-dogs are incessantly yelping.’

‘I dislike small dogs very much on that account;’ said Caroline, ‘and I think larger dogs are not only more silent, but better natured.’

‘They certainly are,’ said the magistrate; ‘and in this particular, the mastiff surpasses all the rest of the species, perhaps. He has so much temperance and judgment, that, in performing the duty of a watch dog, he will permit a stranger to come into the yard, or place which he is appointed to guard; and will go peaceably along with him through every part of it, so long as he touches nothing: but the moment he attempts to meddle with any of

the goods, or *endeavors to leave the place*, he informs him, first by gentle growling, or, if that is ineffectual, by harsher means, that he must neither do mischief nor go away. He never uses violence unless resisted; and he will even in this case seize the person, throw him down, and hold him there for hours without biting.'

'Will all mastiffs behave thus?'

'Perhaps not: but this is their general character.'

'The mastiff is peculiar to England, I believe?'

'Entirely so: it is called the *English Dog*, by foreign naturalists.'

'How many species of dogs are there?'

'To answer you as a Zoologist, I should say, twenty-three: the varieties of the wolf, the hyæna, the jackal, and the fox, being included in that number: but I know that you rather intended to ask—How many varieties there are of what are *commonly* called dogs?'

‘I beg your pardon : I spoke incorrectly ; I thank you for setting me right. Pray do you recollect the number of varieties ?’

‘It is, perhaps, impossible to reckon exactly ; they are almost without end. Thirty-five, however, with some sub-varieties, are described, as belonging to that species of dogs, if I recollect right, and which is called, the ‘FAITHFUL DOG.’

‘The dog then is *naturally* cruel ?’

‘He is : but his ferocious nature is conquered by gentleness. He is not therefore a mere machine, but acts from sentiment, and reflection.’

‘It has been charged on the spaniel, that man learned to fawn and be servile in imitation of that creature.’

‘A witty writer, in a periodical paper, the ‘Mirror of the World,’ I think, entirely changes, the accusation. After praising, being obliged at last to admit that they do fawn and flatter, and sometimes even the

unworthy; he says in extenuation, 'we ought to look with great lenity on this fault, in an animal, who, after six thousand years intimacy with *man*, has learned but *one* of *his* vices.'

CHAP. X.

THE HERMIT AND HIS DOG.

On another occasion, a similar conversation brought to the recollection of the company a beautiful little tale by PRATT: and, at their request, Walwyn read as follows:

'In life's fair morn, I knew an aged SEER,
Who sad and lonely passed his joyless year;
Betrayed, heart-broken, from the world he ran,
And shunned, oh dire extreme! the face of man;
Humbly he reared his hut within the wood,
Hermit's his vest, a hermit's was his food.
Nitched in some corner of the gelid cave,
Where chilling drops the rugged rock-stone **clave**;
Hour after hour, the melancholy sage,
Drop after drop to reckon would engage

The ling'ring day ; and trickling as they fell,
A tear went with them to the narrow well.
Then, thus he moralized, as slow it passed :
'This brings me nearer Lucia than the last,
And this now streaming from the eye,' said he,
'Oh my loved child, will bring me nearer thee!'

When first he roamed, his Dog with anxious care,
His wand'rings watched as emulous to share.
In vain the faithful brute was bid to go ;
In vain the sorrower sought a lonely wo ;
The hermit paused— the attendant dog was near,
Slept at his feet, and caught the falling tear ;
Up rose the hermit, up the dog would rise,
And every way to win a master tries.

'Then be it so : come, faithful fool,' he said,
One pat encouraged, and they sought the shade.
An unfrequented thicket soon they found,
And both reposed upon the leafy ground.
Mellifluous murm'rings told the fountains nigh.
Fountains that well a pilgrim's drink supply ;
And thence by many a labyrinth is led,
Where every tree bestowed a nightly bed.

Skilled in the chase, the faithful creature brought
Whate'er at noon, or moonlight course, he caught
But the Sage lent his sympathy to all ;
Nor saw, unwept, his dumb associates fall.
He was, in sooth, the gentlest of his kind :
And, though a hermit, had a social mind.

'And why,' said he, ' must man subsist by prey ?
Why stop yon melting music on the spray ?
Why, when assailed by hounds' and hunters' cry,
Must half the harmless race in terrors die ?
Why must we work of innocence the wo ?
Still shall this bosom throb, these eyes o'erflow !
A heart too tender, here, from man retires ;
A heart that aches, if but a wren expires !'

Thus lived the master good, the servant true
'Till to its God the master's spirit flew.
Beside a fount, which daily water gave,
Stooping to drink, the hermit found a grave.
All in the running stream his garments spread ;
And dark damp verdure ill concealed his head.
The faithful servant from that fatal day,
Watched the loved corse, and hourly pined away
His head upon his master's cheek was found ;
While the obstructed water mourned around !

CHAP. XI.

THE DEPARTURE.

It was on the morning after Walwyn had read this little poem, that Keeper, fresh from the repose of the night, and invited by the brightness of the landscape, deter-

mined to proceed on his pilgrimage to the house of his master's friend. He left the gate before the family had risen ; and ran with a light heart, while the ground, covered with hoar frost, reflected in ten thousand spangles, the brilliance of the rising sun.

He had not advanced many paces before he fancied himself called by Caroline. He looked back ; he stopped ; and his spirits forsook him. The hope of seeing his master could scarcely support him under the affliction of leaving Caroline : she who had rescued him from misery, who had warmed and fed him ; who had nursed and cherished him : he was not called ; yet he determined to return once more to the doors that had been opened to his sufferings ; that had shut out persecution, at the moment when it seemed to follow him with hasty and unrelenting step. He returned, and loitered in the yard till Caroline appeared. He hastened to meet her with ecstasy. He



prostrated himself. He wished to be forgiven the intention of leaving her ; he licked her hand ; and he paid homage without flattery ; for it was the homage of affection and of gratitude.

His behavior was so extravagant that Caroline imagined something extraordinary had happened ; but she did not guess that the little fugitive had attempted to leave her. He ran to the farthest extremity of the yard : he returned, and tearing round her, bounded again to a considerable distance ; lessening, however, the extent of his sallies at every repetition ; and again rushed upon her to express his joy at beholding her again.

He remained the whole of that day, unable to conquer his reluctance to leave Caroline, and the apothecary : the night however was passed in making resolutions for the morning ; and agreeably with these no sooner were the doors open, than Keeper set forward on his journey.

The morning was fine, like that of the day preceding. Keeper was tolerably strong, though he had not wholly recovered his former activity; and the weather prompted that speed which best suited the impatience of his wishes. His progress was pleasant and uninterrupted, except in a single instance. Four or five oxen were grazing on the side of the road, and Keeper was obliged to pass them. He looked about for a by-way, that might enable him to avoid them. It was in vain: summoning, therefore, all his fortitude, he crept, cowering, slouching his ears, and hanging his tail, for they had already left the herbage, and menaced his approach. The humility with which he advanced did not reconcile his opponents. They rushed furiously towards him. They lowered their heads as in the act of butting. Keeper was now surrounded. Death seemed inevitable. The poor unoffending Keeper was to be the victim of their fury, and the

sport of their tyrannous strength. In this moment of danger, bewildered, and almost terrified to stupefaction; encompassed on every side, and on the point of surrendering without hope, and without capability of resistance, Keeper, as the last effort, made a desperate *sortie*: passing under one of his most determined assailants, and receiving a slight graze from the horns of another, he leaped on the frozen pool, hoping to cross it, and thus escape his pursuers. Unfortunately, the ice was too slight to bear him. He sunk half way into the water, and was much hurt by the edges of the ice that surrounded him, in his struggles to escape. Hither the oxen followed him. Invigorated now by apprehension, he ploughed up the ice before him; for every piece on which he rested, instantly gave way; and with excessive pain and difficulty reached the opposite bank. This was so steep, that his efforts to scale it terminated only in as many falls

upon the broken ice and water; and two or three of the oxen who had been impeded by the ice, came round to wait his landing. In this dilemma he worked his way to another edge of the pool, and, leaping over a gate, gained an extensive meadow. He had not time to felicitate himself on his deliverance, before he perceived other cattle coming towards him, with threatening gestures, stamping the ground, and lifting their tails in the attitude of rage. Keeper ran: but he presently found himself meeting one who was driving furiously at him. He stood still, gazing on the foaming beast: the beast also stood still. He perceived a gap which led to an adjoining field, and which was stopped up with a thin hurdle, and dead bushes. He made toward this, and creeping through it in a moment, fancied himself safe. The beast had pursued him close, and almost at the very instant in which Keeper passed, ran his horns between the bars of the

hurdle. The whole barrier gave way before the fury of the enraged animal; who tossed the hurdle furiously into the air and tore, with the rest of the herd, in pursuit of Keeper. A path crossed this field which Keeper immediately gained, and fled onward where a few soldiers were walking to the town. The soldiers alarmed at the sudden approach of the cattle, in this angry mood, immediately ran away, which conduct only increased their danger. They were even foolish enough to beat the drums they had with them. Keeper fled to them for succor, and by so doing made them sharers in his danger; and they, by their behavior, drew more completely on him and themselves, the anger of the common enemy. In this dangerous situation, which they met so ignorantly, or imprudently, it can scarcely be thought that any thing could have saved them, had not a gentleman, coming the other way, perceiving their predicament,

called out to them to stand still, to face the oxen, and to cease the noise of the drum. This was no sooner done than the cattle stopped. Then, wheeling round, they sped to some distance, and again advanced, as if determined to attack. In a few seconds they wheeled again, and at the end of every evolution they were nearer the terrified passengers than before.

The gentleman now coming up, directed the party to pretend to meet the oxen. This behavior, together with waving their hats, sticks, and other such actions, soon enabled them to quit the field in safety.

The gentleman cautioned the soldiers that, if a similar accident at any time befell them, the most dangerous conduct possible is, to run hastily away. 'I was once,' said he, 'somewhat in your situation. I found that whenever I turned my back, the animals galloped toward me; and I escaped by walking backward, slowly, and repeatedly menacing with my stick. The

beasts frequently advanced, but were checked by my movements. These I practised until I had reached a gate; when, springing hastily, I secured myself from danger.'

The travellers parted. Keeper gained the road by a circuitous course, which brought him into it at some distance from the scene of his first alarm.

CHAP. XII.

A SKIRMISH

Keeper was very sore from the difficulties of his adventures; but his spirits were elated by the success of his efforts. He travelled with persisting quickness, although he soon became oppressed by fatigue, by hunger, and by thirst. He was many times disappointed by the appearance of water which he found to be covered with ice; and this he could only lick: for he had

not judgment enough to dream of breaking the surface.

Night-fall came on: it increased the coldness of the air, and it involved him in darkness. Still, however, he continued plodding 'his weary way.'

Midnight passed while he was yet many miles from the house of his master's friend. He was scarcely able to go on; but he knew that he was approaching the place of his destination; and the thought encouraged him to exert all his power and his perseverance. A clock struck three, and though he knew not the meaning of the sound, he recollected to have heard it at the house whither he was bent. His heart leaped for joy; and he presently entered the yard gate, the way he had been used to go in with the horses. No creature was to be seen, nor any noise to be heard, save the rustling of the horses at their mangers. After scratching at one or two of the doors without obtaining admittance, he

lay down under a crib, upon some hay that had fallen from it, first walking round, and smelling his intended couch. Here, cold and damp, as it was, for night was at work, encrusting every blade, and pipe of straw, with frozen dew, yet here, cold and damp as it was, Keeper lay in luxury ; and rested from his fatigues and his dangers for more than two hours. He was awakened by footsteps, and whispering voices ; and immediately sprung toward the sound, barking vehemently. Two men who were opening the granary door, threw stones at him, to intimidate his watchfulness, but this only increased his fury, and confirmed his suspicions. People were now heard in the house, opening the windows. The thieves therefore fled with precipitation. The master of the house saw one of them climbing over the paling, and immediately despatched the groom, who was most completely dressed, in pursuit of the robbers. The master was surprised to find himself

roused by a dog whose voice he did not know, while his own dogs were silent, and not to be found. Immediately on seeing Keeper, he recollected him to be the dog of his friend; and received him with the same cordiality which Keeper, on his part, evinced at their meeting. He found that nothing had been carried away: but that it was certainly intended that the granary should have been pillaged; and he attributed the preservation of his property wholly to Keeper's vigilance. On this account, as well as because it was the dog of a very intimate friend, he paid him particular attention. He brought him into the house, and gave him food, of which Keeper stood much in need. In the meantime the groom returned, saying, that he was not able to track the villains; and with him came the yard dogs, whom he pretended to have found straggling at some distance. He wished to persuade his master that the dogs had been decoyed away, in order to

prevent the family from being apprized of the robbery. With respect to the motive, he was correct : of the rest, the truth was that himself had muzzled the dogs, and lodged them in a barn at some distance from the premises.

Keeper had a particular aversion to any tinkling or clanking noise ; and this was one of the few things that never failed to irritate him. The gentleman at whose house he now was, hoping to see his master, had several children, and among them a son, of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, whose name was Frederic. On the evening of the day on which Keeper arrived, the young 'squire was visited by a friend not quite so old as himself, who had lately engaged in military life. This young gentleman accidentally discovering Keeper's infirmity, found great entertainment in provoking him to bark at, and attack the fire-tongs, which he snapped incessantly for this purpose, close to Keeper's head

Although this game was rather too noisy to afford much pleasure to the rest of the company ; it might have gone on with considerable spirit, had not the soldier, with martial intrepidity, ventured to increase the exasperation till Keeper burst furiously upon him. The hero was no sooner attacked in his turn, than dropping the weapon of offence, he sprang backward, with a violent shriek, almost over his chair. Recovered from this alarm, which ended without mischief, he again applied the tongs to Keeper's annoyance ; and, at length, stooped his head, and put his own nose in Keeper's way, who instantly snapped at it, and pierced his upper lip. This kind of hurt usually causes an involuntary and instantaneous starting of tears, which flowed pretty freely on this occasion, while the blood trickled from the lip and forgot its usual office : 'to blush and beautify the face.' The son of Mars certainly did not look quite so brave as at the beginning of

the fight : yet, it is to be remembered, to his honour, that he bore no malice to the victor. On the contrary, he sustained the fortune of war with becoming equanimity. In compliment, however, to the wounded knight, the master of the house thought proper to order Keeper out of the room, though neither he, nor any one else, blamed the part which Keeper had acted.

It was directed that Keeper should be tied up in the stable, that he might be preserved for his own master ; where he slept comfortably till morning introduced a scene of new disasters

CHAP. XIII.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Frederic came by eight o'clock to visit the stranger. He had scarcely entered the stable when he observed some drops of blood, and scattered feathers, which he instantly knew to have belonged to a night-

ingale that he had, and of which he was exceedingly fond. He flew to be convinced of the loss of his bird, and finding the cage empty, immediately charged Keeper with the crime of killing and eating his favorite.

The first person he met, was the groom; and to him he related the story of Keeper's atrocious crime. The groom, it may be suspected, was glad of an opportunity of vengeance on the vigilant and faithful Keeper. He expressed much concern at his young master's loss, and inveighed against the author of it in the bitterest terms. Frederic vowed to be avenged of the murderer of his bird; in which design the groom encouraged him, and strongly recommended that he should be immediately hung at the stable door.

Frederic was mightily pleased with this project; he forgot that he should in so doing commit the very crime for which, as he idly fancied, a love of goodness, and

abhorrence of cruelty, prompted him to punish Keeper. He forgot that Keeper could have no other motive for killing the bird than the gratification of his own wants, an excuse which himself certainly could not plead.

The truth is, that it was not a love of goodness, but of power, that prompted the 'little tyrant' to this act of authority. The offence was a mere pretext for this deed of *pretended* justice, but of *real* barbarity. Accordingly it was not sufficient that the life of the dog should pay for the life of the bird. He adopted the proposal of hanging Keeper, but the summary and uncereemonious manner suggested by the groom did not meet his approbation. He amused himself with planning the *etiquette* to be observed on the occasion, and ordered the culprit into close confinement, while he went to collect his brothers, his sisters, and his neighbors, to be witnesses of the sight.

His father happened to be gone on a short journey this morning, so that no interruption was to be apprehended from him: and his mother saw nothing but mystery and eagerness in the faces of the children, whom she supposed to be engaged in some great, but she did not think criminal, exploit.

The spectators being assembled with a mixture of expectation, and terror in their countenances, the prisoner was conveyed, with much formality, to a part of the garden, where the remaining feathers of the nightingale were deposited. Matters were now prepared to hang Keeper over the grave; who much to the discomfiture of the starched faces that were met on this solemn occasion, was so indecorous as to play with a piece of stick, and sometimes with the rope that was fastened round his neck, during the whole of the ceremony.

Having exhausted their ingenuity in inventing schemes for prolonging their wicked

pleasure, the fatal moment at length arrived that was to put an end to Keeper's existence. To separate him forever from the master whom he had sought so ardently and loved so dearly ; to destroy those hopes for which he had suffered so many hardships ; and to take away that life which Caroline had cherished so tenderly!

The cord was now drawn, and the unconscious victim of infantine barbarity suspended from a bough.

CHAP. XIV.

THE EPITAPH.

A voice now called their attention, and their father was seen hastening up the walk. He commanded that Keeper should be released : but their confusion was so great that he came to the spot before his orders were obeyed, and instantly replaced Keeper on his feet.

He reprimanded them severely, and in-

quired the cause of so extraordinary an act of cruelty, which was, beside, an unpardonable insult to his friend, the owner of the dog.

The charge of killing the nightingale was brought forward. This, however, their father would not admit as any excuse. He next asked, who had suggested the idea of hanging the dog on this account? On hearing that the groom was the author of the detestable plan, he immediately dismissed him from his service; and having now some proofs of his being concerned in the intended robbery, caused him to be sent to gaol.

One of the servants came running with a wing, and part of the head which he had found in the cat's habitation. This discovery entirely freed Keeper from the charge. Particularly as dogs seldom or never eat the animals they kill; while cats almost always make a feast of their spoil.

Frederic remained in extreme dis-

grace : from which he was at length released, sincerely regretting that he had ever intended any thing so unbecoming his general good disposition, and understanding. Convinced that Keeper was wholly innocent of his bird's destruction, he only regretted its loss. He erected a monument to its memory, whereon he inscribed the following verse.

EPITAPH ON A NIGHTINGALE.

My beautiful bird !
I'll think of thee long
With thy plumage bright,
And thy happy song !
This stone, when it meets
The stranger's gaze,
Will tell how I lost thee
In early days.
The whistling boy
As he passes by,
Will linger awhile,
And hush with a sigh,
And then he may haste
To his cage, and free
The bird, which he stole
From the forest tree.

For wings that were made
To rove in the air,
Must long for their
Wildness of motion there,
Oh ! I wish my bird
Had staid in her glen,
Far from the snares
Of pussies and men.

CHAP. XV.

THE RABBIT-WARREN.

In the meantime, Keeper took the first opportunity, after his fortunate release, to leave a house where he had, though greatly against the master's wish, received so much ill treatment. Unable to discover his master, and having visited every place in which he could expect to find him, nearer than his own house, he now began his route thither, determined to let nothing delay his progress if he could possibly avoid it. He kept this resolution pretty regularly: yet he could not help running after

sparrows, now and then ; and he was much at a loss to account for their disappearance at his approach.

He continued travelling during several days ; sometimes relieved from hunger, by finding a bone in his way through villages ; and from fatigue, by resting under hedges, and on sunny banks. Sometimes fed : but, for the most part, oppressed by want and weariness.

At length his incessant exertion brought him as far as an extensive waste that lay on lofty hills. Huge blocks of stone peeped out in various parts ; and the whole was scantily supplied with herbage. Here Keeper saw whole families of Rabbits racing in every direction, and he ran an hundred different ways in pursuit of them, as the old groups suddenly disappeared, and new ones became visible. Presently none were to be seen : and, while Keeper wondered at the change, a kite hovered over the place, and alarmed the whole

long-eared neighborhood. Keeper too had contributed to their consternation: and he, not distracted, now, by the variety of his game, pursued one of the gray fugitives into its burrow. He was soon impeded by the straitness of the path, and he spent a considerable time in scratching his way. The earth, though now frozen, was extremely light, and sandy: so that, when he had dug away the uppermost part, he soon covered himself with dirt: but this was all he *could* do. Meanwhile, the rabbits endured all the horrors of a siege: till Keeper recollecting his master, 'raised it,' and continued his progress.

While Keeper was running in many a serpentine direction, through alleys fenced by thorns, and withered *fern*, in his way to the high road, the keeper of the warren, who happened to be at that time on the spot, observed our intruder, and immediately fired upon him. Keeper escaped unhurt, and ran impetuously along until he

reached the road, and was lost to the gamekeeper. Having been wounded when he last heard a similar noise, he made no doubt but he was, again, equally injured; and it was not before he had passed several hours, without feeling pain, that he recovered his spirits and his peace.

CHAP. XVI.

THE CONTRAST OF BRUTALITY AND SENSIBILITY.

Our honest traveller now drew near the home he panted for: panted for, because it contained the long lost friend whom he so diligently sought. His little heart beat high with expectation: his eager feet redoubled their speed; and he was absorbed in the recollection of his master's kindnesses.

Happy would it have been for Keeper had he remembered his admonitions also: for, at that unlucky moment, an unmanaged

horse galloped past him, which a man was endeavoring to lead to a neighboring forge to be rough-shod. A precaution very necessary, as the frost still continued. Keeper could not forbear assailing his heels: by which imprudence our hero received a kick that laid him in the dust. Stunned by the blow, he was insensible to any thing, until, waking to sorrow and repentance, he found himself, fastened by a cord, in a corner of a blacksmith's shop; to the door of which dismal region of noise and flames he had so rashly followed the animal that bruised him. To this confinement the sons of Vulcan had condemned him; in order as they said, 'to see if they could not have some sport with the young cur, yet!' Several days passed, however, without affording them leisure either to hang, or to worry the captive. Neither the *tin kettle* nor the halter were yet ready. The poor creature would probably have been rescued from both by

the arm of famine, had he not picked up the parings of the horse's hoofs that happened to lay near him : this, with the snow that fell through the crazy roof of his prison, was the whole of his miserable subsistence.

Ah ! thought the sagacious, the guileless, but impetuous Keeper, why did I quit the path of duty ? Why did I forget my kind master, who has so often warned me from the fault that has brought me hither ? Thus, in mournful plainings did he waste the tedious days of captivity and sorrow, till one propitious morning brought him a deliverer.

The young gentleman, who released Keeper, was the only son of the 'squire of the village, wherein the accident happened. He had come with his father's groom to give directions respecting a *pony* of his own, that was, on that day, to have his first shoes. He was about nine years of age of a good-natured and generous disposition and was just come home for the holidays

‘Why should not that poor animal be set at liberty?’ He asked, as he cast his eye upon the miserable, shivering, half starved Keeper.

‘You shall have him for a crown,’ rejoined the Blacksmith.

‘I have not so much *in my pocket*:’ said the young ’squire: ‘but, at home, I have a *crown piece*, given me this morning, by my grandmamma, to buy a twelfth-cake with: I will run home and fetch my *crown piece*!’

He was out of sight in a moment, and soon returned with the *crown piece* and his knife; that he might have the pleasure of releasing Keeper himself. The difference between this conduct, and that of Frederic, in the preceding chapter, will strike every reader; and to which of the two the attribute of merit belongs: to which the applause of the good, and the gratification of the heart, appertains, will be equally obvious.



Having accomplished this undertaking he immediately carried Keeper home, in his arms, to his papa, who commended his son's humanity; and these commendations, with those of his own heart, more than repaid him for the loss of his twelfth-cake

Keeper, from his good manners, and good temper, soon became a universal favorite in the family; and was the perfect *idol* of his new master. Insomuch that could the faithful dog have ever forgot the object of his journey, it would have been in this abode of indulgence and of rest. On the contrary, however, the same sentiment of gratitude that endeared this, his recent deliverer, perpetuated the recollection and esteem of him to whom he owed earlier, and, perhaps, greater, obligations. Consequently, therefore, he waited with anxiety for the first opportunity that might offer itself, to renew his researches. Meanwhile, the vigilance with which his

young master preserved his prize, seemed to preclude all possibility of escape.

Among the methods which he used in order to detain Keeper, he tied him to a four-wheel wagon, a Christmas-gift, whenever he went out. Considering this and other contrivances of the same nature, it is not to be wondered that, notwithstanding the caresses bestowed upon him, Keeper passed his time very unhappily, despairing of his liberty. At length, however, his vacation ended; and his kind persecutor was obliged to leave him, and set off, with a sorrowful countenance for school. He departed, after having kissed Keeper many times, and enjoining the family to be sure to take care of him till his return.

He was no sooner gone than, maugre these instructions, Keeper found no difficulty in getting away; resolved, once more, to seek his master with undeviating feet.

CHAP. XVII. .

THE FALL OF SNOW.

The weather was not so fine as in the former part of his journey. It was gloomy, and intensely cold, and, at length, a heavy fall of snow succeeded. When it first began to descend, Keeper amused himself with chasing the flakes, which he mistook for feathers. Having caught one in his mouth, he felt in every part of it with his tongue, to discover his prize. A little time convinced him that it was metamorphosed into water; and, now, his coat was covered with the snow, which, melting, rendered his skin wet, and his whole condition deplorable. Keeper continued on, nevertheless, till, toward evening, finding that his legs sunk, almost entirely, at every step, while his back was loaded with the frozen water, and being, beside, exceedingly fatigued, he sheltered himself

in a hollow tree: where, having shaken as much of the wet from him, as possible, he lay down, and slept soundly till daylight. In the meantime, the descent of snow had been so immense that the aperture, by which he had entered, was wholly blocked up. This had kept him warmer than he would otherwise have been: but it now made him a prisoner, like Shakespeare's *Ariel*, in the trunk of a knotty oak. He scratched the blockade, and it easily admitted his paws; but, though a tolerably good miner, his abilities on this occasion availed him nothing; for the snow, by which he was enclosed, extended in one continued sheet, and lay two or three feet thick upon the ground. Despairing of deliverance, he turned round, and, to his joy, discovered light, in an oblique direction, at the upper part of the tree. This was, indeed, the *only* source from which light had been received into his cage; but he had not hitherto perceiv-

ed it. He climbed hastily, and with ease, to this daystar of liberty. He exulted in its beams; and ascended toward it without apprehending any new difficulty. He did not know that though it could cheer and console his confinement, it could not ensure his happiness in emancipation. There is, it must be allowed, a common error on this subject: for the splendid luminary of freedom is supposed, by many people, to have more power than it really has. He gained the open air, and was, at first, disappointed to find that the gateway was not even with the ground. He looked about during some moments, with a melancholy face, at the unvaried but dazzling landscape — then, forgetting its soft contexture, he leaped from the tree, and was instantly buried up to the head in snow; the vast body of which, though not firm enough to support him, and so unstable as to drift with every wind, yet yielded but little to his endeavors to extricate him-



self. When on the tree, he had perceived a road marked out by the passing of one or two carriages: but, in his present low situation, this disappeared by enchantment, as it seemed to him. Nothing presented itself to his view, but one wide prospect of insipid and chilling whiteness. No sunny spot enlivened the distant view to console the weary and desponding traveller, but, in miserable snowy perspective,

‘Hills peeped o’er hills, and Alps on Alps arose!’

Gusts of wind frequently agitated the powdery expanse, and scattered its frozen particles on Keeper’s defenceless head. It was his solace, in the midst of these troubles, that he had not incurred *this*, like his *last*, disaster, by any fault of his own; but, now, solace and trouble, pain, and pleasure, were approaching to an end. He howled piteously; and the blast bore his groans over the solitary waste. His murmurs became fainter, and less incessant. His body grew stiff; and the last

remaining warmth of life was about to leave him. Even the recollection of his master became indistinct and lifeless, as the view before him had been: but now his eyes were closed. One look, one short and little look, he wished for; and his wildered fancy cheered his expiring moments with the form, and features of his master, he fancied that this friend of his life was endeavoring to rescue him from his misery. He thought that his warm hand was on his neck. He thought that he dug away the perishing snow. The idea became still less distinct: he even thought himself relieved from his misery. He fancied himself in the arms of his master. He was happy. He was insensible.

CHAP. XVIII.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Attracted by Keeper's howling, a peasant, who was going home to dinner, had waded through the snow, and taken him in his arms. It was this reality that had been distorted, by Keeper's imagination, into a vision of his master.

The peasant thought Keeper dead: yet he resolved to carry him home, and try what the little warmth his cottage afforded would do for his recovery. He wrapped him up in a sack, and bore him to his hovel that barely sheltered him and his family from the winds and the rains.

There the good woman fanned away the embers from a part of the hearth, and laid Keeper on the warm tiles. She rubbed him, and she lessened her little store of dried gorse or furz, to raise a fire that

might reinvigorate him. Toward evening Keeper began to recover, or, as he fancied, to awake. His senses returning by degrees, he looked round for his master, and barked at the strangers whom he saw. Unacquainted with his motives, they thought this an ungrateful return for their kindness, and therefore turned him out of doors. He, wondering what had befallen him since he fell asleep in the snow, recollected the cottage to be in his way home, and anticipated a speedy restoration to his master, whom he still thought he had seen in the day, but again missed in a most unaccountable manner.

It was moonlight, when, about ten o'clock, the gates of his master were before his eyes. He ran toward them in rapture, and creeping under rushed in an agony of joy to the kitchen door. Scratching violently, it was opened, and he ran round the kitchen, using every gesture, and tone of voice, by which he could express his

pleasure. He was somewhat disappointed to find the servants strangers to him while *they* began to be alarmed at his entrance. The women screamed, and the men prepared to attack Keeper with broomsticks. He, eluding their aim, darted into the inner part of the house, to visit the parlor. There the noise of the servants had spread the consternation, when Keeper terrified the whole company by his appearance.

What might have been his fate had it not been for a gentleman who quieted the agitation of the party, cannot be determined. He assured them that no danger was to be apprehended from the dog, who only seemed to be in high spirits, on some account or other, notwithstanding his starved condition. The conclusion of this remark was so well justified by Keeper's appearance, that all were desirous to see him well fed; and Keeper revelled in luxury during the whole evening: anxious,

nevertheless, that his master was not to be seen. He whined at the door, and the indulgent gentleman having opened it, he searched the whole house over, hoping to find his master ; but, disappointed, he returned again to the parlor, and scratching at the door was again admitted.

Every creature in the house was as strange to Keeper, as he was strange to them. The furniture, also, was new to him.

Since Keeper had parted from his master, that gentleman having sold his house advantageously, had removed to a more splendid habitation, at some distance from his former abode. Thus the reader is apprized of those circumstances that rendered Keeper still at a loss for his master, although he had arrived at, what he considered, his master's house.

Keeper's behavior led the new comers to guess with tolerable correctness, the occasion of his visit. All were of opinion that the dog had lost his master, and the

gentleman who had befriended him advised that it should be inquired if he had belonged to the former owner of the place. This was only a visiter, however; and though his advice was graciously received, it was totally disregarded, which is too often the case especially when given to young people.

CHAP. XIX.

COURAGE.

It may be frequently observed, of animals, and of dogs chiefly, because with that class we are most intimately acquainted, that they are alarmed at objects which can do them no injury; sometimes small and insignificant; and, not unseldom, inanimate. Keeper had lain quietly before the fire, while much conversation passed respecting him. He was not asleep, but had remained fixed in profound rumination on his disappointed hopes, his perilous

journey, and his future expectations, when, turning his head toward the door, which some noise had occasioned him to think was about to be opened, and, possibly, by his master, his eye was attracted by a something, black as to color, and shapeless, or indefinite with respect to its *contour* or outline. For as the subject of his attention lay in deep shade under a chair, its color and its form mingled with the darkness that surrounded it; and owing to this indistinctness, it might, probably, assume a hundred different appearances, changing and succeeding with the conjectures of Keeper's imagination. After looking at it very attentively during some minutes he concluded that, whatever it might be, both his duty and his inclination called upon him to repel the intruder. Something was yet wanting to equip him for the adventure: this was resolution or courage: and let not the brave be too hasty to cast the reproach of cowardice on his

delay. The most valorous chieftain would be terrified at the appearance of a *monster* in the field of battle: his useless spear, his armor, and his shield, would but incumber his retreat. It is related of Marshal Turenne, whose name has been ever, and justly, coupled with 'daring do' and bravery, that being in the King's tent, when a famous stone-eater was boasting his exploits, and his capacities, the impostor told his Majesty that, if he pleased, he would 'swallow that gentleman' (the Marshal) 'whole, armor, and all!' The Marshal no sooner heard this extravagant proposal than he fled to his marque in the utmost dismay; and it was with difficulty that the King persuaded him, even on the next day, to venture from the security of his hiding place. This was not cowardice: it was credulity. If the Marshal believed, as plainly he did, that it was possible for the knave to eat him and his armor, his consequent behavior was but

timely prudence, and the result of the rational wish of self-preservation. for what would his sword and his valor have availed against an enemy who could destroy his opposer at a bite.

Courage* is, in truth, that venturous disposition of the mind which we applaud as brave and wise, or stigmatize as rash and fool-hardy, as it happens to succeed in its enterprise, or accord with our own opinions of the occasion of its exertion.

Keeper was not, then, cowardly: had the thing that alarmed him been a cat, a rat, or a bird; nay had a dozen thieves forced their passage into the room, he would have rushed on them with as much dauntless intrepidity as would equal a soldier's *own* story of his battles: but he was frightened agreeably with what has been said, because he could not comprehend the occasion of his terror. Determined

* It is to be understood, that the passive quality which we call *fortitude*, is not here spoken of.

at last, to examine the dreadful something that lay under the chair, he left the hearth, and approached with cautious steps. When he had arrived within a certain distance without ascertaining what the terrific appearance might be, he retreated a few steps, and again advanced, in another direction toward the centre of attraction. Still, however, he kept at an awful distance, and, barking, sat down to watch its continuance, and its conduct. His behavior had gained the observation of the company, and they regarded his motions with curiosity. As they were entirely ignorant of the matter that had drawn Keeper's notice, they were presently anxious to discover what was concealed under the chair, to which he pointed. Some were afraid of danger; and some were desirous to witness the various antics that Keeper played on the occasion, so that a few moments passed before the latent wonder was sought for. Keeper

being set on, began a furious attack: but did not advance many paces nearer his foe than before. He contented himself with loud threatenings of his wrath, and vauntings of his prowess. He tried the right hand and the left to no purpose; and again sat down to watch and to bark. The inquisitiveness of the spectators demanded an explanation: grasping therefore a candle in one hand, and the poker in the other, one of the party marched toward the object. Dazzled by the flame, which he held close to his nose, he did not perceive that the poker was approaching Keeper's ribs. Keeper no sooner felt the burn than, turning, he came between the feet of the *gentleman*: the dog was trod upon: the man was bit: both roared out, and were presently struggling together, with the extinguished candle, and the fiery poker. The lookers-on caught the alarm; one overturned the table, in his escape; and the room was deserted amid the shrieks of frightened females

CHAP. XX.

THE DISCOVERY.

Ne let hobgoblins, names whose sense we see not,
Fray us with things that be not. SPENSER.

The party having rallied their spirits, returned to the scene of their disasters ; when a cautious search having been made, by the whole troop in grand muster, some few standing boldly in the van, others peeping over the shoulders of these venturous souls ; some with their hands on the chairs, prepared to hurl them on the *giant* that lay squeezed under the stool ; and one or two at the half-opened door, ready to make their escape, when the mystery should be revealed. The group being stationed somewhat in this manner, and cautious search having been made, there was discovered—a *black hearth brush* ! which Keeper's dream had magnified into a grisly Bear——

Most were ready to censure Keeper's timidity, forgetful of their own share in the farce that had been acted : but Keeper's friend reminded them of this, and then excused every one alike. Keeper, whose burns still tingled, now became the object of consideration ; and turpentine being applied, he was materially relieved. The bite he had given was found to be of no importance ; and his provocation was acknowledged.

The whole matter was afterwards the subject of mirthful recollection. Keeper only retained a woful countenance : he still felt pain ; and he still missed his master.

CHAP. XXI.

ILLUSIONS.

The gentleman who had interfered in Keeper's behalf was a particularly good-natured man, and Keeper was his favor-

ite again, in the morning he gave Keeper sweet tea at breakfast, with which he was prodigiously delighted. Satiety will follow every enjoyment; and Keeper had drank enough of the tea sweet as it was. His friend then added milk and sugar; and the new temptation induced Keeper to take a new draught: its novelty abated, and he retired from this also. Made still more rich, and more sweet, he again indulged in a repetition of the debauch, until stupid from repletion, he lay down by the door, to cool and recover himself.

The conversation at breakfast, was chiefly engrossed by the accident of the evening preceding. Inquiries how each other had rested after the fright, were reciprocally made. The unfortunate gentleman who had *fallen* in the fray was the particular object of concern: and he, happily suffered nothing from his misfortune.

It was asked what could possibly have made the dog afraid of the broom? and

the reply insensibly led the dialogue into a discussion on the nature of Fear; respecting which it was generally agreed that the object feared, is either something of known malignity and power; or which from its novelty and obscurity is totally *unknown* to us, and of which we are unable to form any regular notions. 'It is astonishing,' said Keeper's friend, 'it is astonishing with what quickness and facility the imagination gives shapes and meanings to appearances and sounds that are, in themselves, indistinct: and it is equally observable that the moment the reality is discovered, the deception ceases. I remember that, passing along a road on a night that was nearly dark, I saw something of a white color on my way side. The foot-path was considerably above the level of the road; and the top of this object was beneath my feet. In the space of two minutes, I fancied that it assumed several different forms at first

I thought it a man, who, as I imagined, endeavored to crouch close under the bank on which I stood : a moment after it seemed a pig : and in another, a calf. I confess to you that I was alarmed : not that I thought it supernatural. I think that my fear was wholly founded on the apprehension of a robber. What strange ideas might have succeeded, had I suffered the delusion to continue, I cannot tell. I call them ideas : because the images were in my own brain, not in the object I looked at. Having spoken to it without receiving an answer, I determined to touch it. I acknowledge that I did this with some trepidation, I stood as far off as I could, and, stretching out my arm, directed my stick, with the extremity of which I touched the terrible thing that alarmed me. I cannot recite this circumstance without feeling a reiteration of the surprise I then experienced from finding that, at the very instant I touched the object, it was plainly

and obviously a *post*! I did not need the aid of light or minute examination: but merely touching it, and with a stick, I clearly knew it to be a *post*! One remark immediately presents itself. Had men, at all times, examined any appearance that alarmed them, we never should have heard of witches, ghosts, and fairies: as this, however, unfortunately, has not been done, it remains for us, observing how naturally such errors may be made, to disregard, as fabulous, every story respecting them.'

CHAP. XXII.

KEEPER'S MASTER.

During the period that had elapsed between Keeper's departure from Caroline, and the occurrence of the circumstances, recorded in the latter chapters, the magistrate had happened to mention the story of Keeper's misfortune, with that of

Mr. Walwyn, in the hearing of a gentleman who was acquainted with his master, and who knew that he had lost his dog.

The magistrate accompanied the subject with many and warm praises of Caroline's kindness of Keeper; and the gentleman with whom this conversation occurred reported the whole to Keeper's master, who immediately paid a visit to the magistrate, wishing to be farther informed of the matter. The magistrate related to him that, much to Caroline's regret, the dog had left her. Keeper's master was certain from the description that it was his dog, and felt grateful for the hospitality that had been shown to him. He accompanied the magistrate to the apothecary's house, to return his thanks, and, if possible, to get some clue by which the wanderer might be found.

Caroline said, that, beside lamenting the loss of the dog, it had concerned her that he left the house before he was thoroughly

recovered ; but she was now doubly grieved to find that he had not discovered the master, his fidelity to whom had withdrawn him from her.

Keeper was the principal topic of animadversion during the whole visit: his absence was lamented ; his return desired ; and his merits extolled. The capacities of the whole race were descanted on, both as to their natural and acquired habits and endowments. With respect to the first it was mentioned, as remarkable, that so great an intimacy subsists between vultures and dogs in their wild state that they not only assemble together without contention to devour the dead carcasses of animals in America, from Nova-Scotia, to Terra del Fuego ; but actually nurse their young in the same place. The Providence of the Creator, it was said, is very visible in causing this harmony between these rapacious creatures: for as it seems to have been intended that they should unite in

ridding the earth of putrescent animal bodies that might otherwise infect the air, it was essential that the uniformity of the design should not be destroyed by dissensions between themselves. To render them fit for this useful office, they are exposed to the cravings of an almost insatiable appetite; and that *species* of the *genus* called the *wolf*, in which this want appears to rage with most violence, is said to seek relief from the pain of extreme hunger by swallowing earth and stones.

‘We have no wolves in England, I believe?’

‘They were extirpated before the end of the thirteenth century: prior to that period they were numerous in some of the counties. Sir Ewin Cameron of Locheil, is mentioned as the destroyer of the last in Scotland, in Lochaber, during the year 1680; and the last in Ireland was killed so lately, as 1710. They are to be found in all the quarters of the world, as high as the *arctic circle*.’

‘Although’ said Keeper’s Master, ‘wolves, foxes, hyænas, and jackals are joined by *naturalists* in the same *genus* on account of the similar conformation of their teeth, they bear little resemblance to each other in their manners. The jackal, indeed, when taken young, acquires the same affectionate disposition; and is by some late authors supposed to be the original stock of all our various kinds of dogs; and of the hyæna it may be observed, that one of the authors alluded to (Pennant) separates that *species*, making it a separate *genus*.’

Of their social habits, and useful qualities, the substance of what was said, may be found in Cowper’s ‘Task:’ where, condemning cruelty to animals in general, he goes on to speak of dogs in particular.

‘Superior as we are, they yet depend
Not more on human help, than we on theirs.
Their strength, or speed, or vigilance were given
In aid of our defects. In some are found
Such teachable and apprehensive parts,

That man's attainments in his own concerns,
Matched with the expertness of the brute's in theirs
Are oftentimes vanquished and thrown far behind
Some show that nice sagacity of smell,
And read with such discernment, in the port
And figure of the man, his secret aim,
That oft we owe our safety to a skill
We could not teach, and must despair to learn.
But learn we might, if not too proud to stoop
To quadruped instructors, many a good
And useful quality, and virtue too,
Rarely exemplified among ourselves :
Affection never to be weaned, or changed
By any change of fortune : proof alike
Against unkindness, absence, and neglect :
Fidelity, that neither bribe nor threat
Can move nor warp : and gratitude for small
And trivial favors, lasting as the life,
And glist'ning even in the dying eye !

CHAP. XXIII.

THE POEM.

Keeper's master was much charmed
with Caroline : and having heard from her
the story of the dog's introduction to her
care, together with his behavior on the

morning before his departure, he wrote the following lines, and addressed them to Caroline, as an attempt to describe the feelings of his dog; conveying at the same time his own sentiments.

When my master I lost and I had to roam,
Your pity kind lady gave me a home.
I had travelled many a tedious day
Without a friend on the wearisome way :
With grief I hung down my ears, and my tail,
My face as I passed by a brook, looked pale—
It was you who watched o'er my bed of pain
'Till I jumped with joy, and barked loud again.
I ran off and left you, but meant to come back
If ever I found my dear master's track,
For I wished my gentle lady to see
What a grateful dog Keeper could be.
I have felt my master's caress, and yet
That *you* saved my life, I cannot forget;
Then tell me, Caroline, what can I do
To stay with my master, and be with you?—

CHAP. XXIV.

THE CONCLUSION.

The gentleman who had interfered in Keeper's behalf had finished his visit; and after his departure no notice was taken of his suggestion, that a message should be



sent to inquire if the former owner of the house had lost his dog: While Keeper finding that his master did not appear, became spiritless, and pined daily. At length, a villager having seen Keeper, positively assured the family that the dog belonged to the 'squire who lived there before; and was charged with the office of carrying the information. As Keeper could not be persuaded to follow him, he carried word to the master, of Keeper's arrival. His master immediately came; and Keeper was standing at the door when he saw him at a distance. He ran towards him, half frantic with delight. He endeavored to jump upon the horse, to reach him: but, not succeeding, his master alighted, and a scene of mutual gratulation took place. The mad and extravagant behavior by which Keeper evinced his joy, can scarcely be described; while the master, on his part, felt, and displayed tokens of the most lively and sincere pleasure, at the

restoration of an animal whose virtues he loved and whose loss he had deplored.

He led Keeper to Caroline : when the pleasure of both on seeing one another again, seemed to realize the master's poem. Between the apothecary too, and Keeper, much friendly intercourse took place ; and the magistrate had his share of the honors of the meeting.

Some compliments passed between Caroline and the master, respecting *who* should now possess Keeper ? These polite dissensions were not, however, of long duration. Whether it was to accommodate Keeper, who really disliked to part with Caroline ; or from what other motive, it is not our province to inquire ; but so it happened, Caroline and his master were married, and Keeper abided with both.

He has lived since happily and at ease. Here ended his troubles. If the recital of them has afforded any entertainment : If it has given pleasure, to a tearful, or a

smiling countenance, the dog has not *journeyed*, nor the historian *written*, in vain and if, in the contemplation of the morality occasionally inculcated, it shall be observed that, the whole narrative exhibits a series of misfortunes that were incurred by one single act of negligence : if it stamp on the memory of any reader this important lesson : one error, one dereliction from the path of right ; one moment's inattention to, or abandonment of virtue, though trivial and harmless in itself, may expose us to the whole train of vices and sorrows : if such a lesson have been taught, and if it have been deeply impressed, the book will not be thought the less amusing, because it is instructive.

THE END.





